

THE TIMES-DISPATCH
DAILY—WEEKLY—SUNDAY.
Business Office, 1115 E. Main Street.
Washington Bureau, 1207 Munsey Building.
New York Bureau, 1102 Wall Street.
Petersburg Bureau, 140 N. Sycamore St.
Lynchburg Bureau, 215 Eighth St.
BY MAIL. One Six Three One
POSTAGE PAID. Year. Mos. Mos. Mos.
Daily with Sunday, \$5.00 \$3.00 \$1.50
Daily without Sunday, 1.00 .50 .25
Sunday edition only, 2.00 1.00 .50
Weekly (Wednesday), 1.00 .50 .25
By Three-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Richmond and Suburbs, Manassas and Petersburg—One Week, One Year.
Daily with Sunday, 1.00 .50 .25
Daily without Sunday, 1.00 .50 .25
Sunday only, .50 .25 .10
(Yearly subscription payable in advance.)
Entered January 27, 1903, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter, under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

HOW TO CALL TIMES-DISPATCH.
Persons wishing to communicate with The Times-Dispatch by telephone will ask central for "4041," and on being answered from the office switchboard, will indicate the department or person with whom they wish to speak.
When calling between 6 A. M. and 9 A. M. call to central office direct for 4041, composing-room; 4042, business office; 4043, for mailing and press-rooms.

THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1907.

Going Out of Town?
Subscribers who leave the city temporarily should have The Times-Dispatch mailed them. Addresses will be changed as often as requested.
You can keep fully informed about Richmond affairs only through The Times-Dispatch.
Before leaving mail or phone your address to this office. Phone 4041, City Circulation Department.

A man that can succeed in working is to me always a man—Carlyle.

JUDGE PRITCHARD'S OPINION.

In his opinion on the rate case Judge Pritchard expresses his gratification at the divided responsibility which the Supreme Court of the United States will share with him in the ultimate adjudication of this question. As Mr. Braxton said in the course of the argument at Asheville, it was admitted that no matter how Judge Pritchard decided, an appeal would be taken. Judge Pritchard bases his right to grant the injunction against the Corporation Commission on his construction of the United States statutes, and found that within the meaning of section 720 of the Revised Statutes of the United States the Corporation Commission was exercising a legislative and not a judicial function. In discussing the question, which touches the complex nature of the Corporation Commission as an administrative, legislative and judicial body, the judge noted that the Supreme Court of Virginia had already held that the Corporation Commission had the right to exercise all three functions. An analogous example of a court exercising all three functions was seen in Richmond when the Circuit Court of Henrico county heard arguments on annexation, took evidence, decided how far the boundaries should be extended and ordered the extension made. It would seem, therefore, that there are certainly parallel cases of similarly constituted tribunals. As to the constitutionality of the Corporation Commission, Judge Pritchard reserves his decision for final hearing. The Times-Dispatch has never attached great significance to the argument against the constitutionality of the Corporation Commission, and we do not believe that it will be declared an unconstitutional body no matter what decision the United States Supreme Court may make as to the reasonableness of the rates imposed by that tribunal.

MR. TURPIN AND HIS MEMORIALS.

Alderman Turpin says that it is utterly incongruous to place on a flag a memorial of defeat. So? Then let us destroy every banner which represents the Lost Cause and never suffer our children or our children's children to see the Stars and Bars. Let us have no more Confederate reunions, for they but symbolize defeat and remind us of Appomattox. Let us abandon the idea of establishing in Richmond a Confederate Battle Abbey, for will it not be the repository of swords and guns, gray uniforms and scarred battle-flags, and other "memorials of defeat"? And let us lose no time in burning down the White House of the Confederacy, for that building is also decorated with "memorials of defeat." Aye, let us tear down our monuments to Davis, our defeated President, and to Lee and Jackson and Stuart, and the pyramid in Hollywood, which marks the resting place of the Confederate privates; for they, too, in Mr. Turpin's cold philosophy, are but the emblems of defeat. Let us put away all such humiliating reminders, and eat, drink and be merry, rejoicing in the fact that we were defeated and that the cause was lost.
But why should Mr. Turpin object to a display of these memorials? He is glad the Stars and Bars went down in defeat. Appomattox is marked in his history as a red-letter day, and a smile of satisfaction steals over his countenance as he reads the story of the surrender, for the triumph of Grant meant the salvation of the Union. Why should it be painful to Mr. Turpin to look upon memorials of a defeat which he now regards as a national and a personal blessing? Every token of it should be to him a sweet reminder, for he does not cease to say and to praise God that "we lost that for which we fought."
Go to, Mr. Turpin. We honor and reverence the Stars and Bars not simply

because it represents the Confederacy, but because it symbolizes the manhood, courage and patriotism of Southern men. Take away the virtue of which that glorious flag is the sign and mark, and we should be a community of pigeon-livered shopkeepers. The flag of the Confederacy is not a mere "memorial of defeat," and we are amazed that any Southern man should so regard it. Nor does it represent a merely lost cause, but a living principle, the triumphant virtues of an unconquerable people, who turned honorable defeat into glorious victory, and who are to-day marching under the Stars and Bars and the Stars and Stripes to greater triumphs. God grant that the flag of the Confederacy may never be lowered in the South, for while it stands the South will stand, and when falls the flag the South will fall.

THE TIPPING EVIL.

Along with the printed statement that the International Organization of Restaurant and Hotel Waiters is violently denouncing the tipping custom, comes the address of President Richmond, of the American Federation of Travelers, in which he says that the commercial travelers must devise some plan to protect themselves against the growing evil. We have, therefore, opposition from those who give and those who receive. The waiters themselves are seeking changed conditions because wages are low, the employers contending that the fees are more than sufficient to net these public servants large returns from a day's labor. That all are not agreed, however, is made plain by the complaint of the federation, and that is based upon the ground that the establishments for which the men travel will not pay the tips.

There is good sense in the argument that the public is wasting its breath when it discusses the matter, for whatever is said will hardly end it and bring relief to those who have been paying tribute. Pullman car porters are looked upon as the most grasping of all the modern bandits. They receive a mere pittance in the way of wages, and they put forth the pitiful plea that they could not exist without the stray silver which comes to them from passengers. The company, like some proprietors of hotels and restaurants, is blameable for this growing tendency to fleece the people, and yet the pathetic part of it is that the shabbily dressed customer or passenger can expect little attention from these employees, who have learned by experience from whom fees may be expected.

The man who goes from his home to his office and back again every day, limiting his movements and his trading, can hardly appreciate the extent of this so-called tipping evil. If he goes into a barber shop the man who attends to his wants is waiting for his tip, notwithstanding that top prices were paid for the service rendered. He cannot order a meal without giving something to the waiter. If he should refuse, and then happen to be placed again at the same waiter's table, he would fare badly and then meet the scowls of the graffer. When a pitcher of water is brought to a room by a hotel bell-boy he is regarded as a miser if he fails to scatter the dimes.

There was a time when the South was not afflicted by the evil, but it is not so to-day. Richmond is in line with all the progressive cities, and the man who lives about town can bear evidence of that fact. It may be more annoying than expensive, but both are not to be thrown aside lightly, and the only happy citizen is the one who is complacently ignorant of the demands and who seldom sees the outstretched hand or the scowl of face. When traveling folk and servants combine to fight present conditions there may be a comforting change ahead, but hardly in this generation.

No fair-minded man objects to giving an extra dime or quarter for an extra service rendered, but every self-respecting American resents the idea of being held up and made to pay for a service he has not received.

"A HAND PRIMARY."

"In the name of Ben Tillman, brethren, raise your hands and strike your attuned typewriter as your names are called." Are you in favor of Sir John Temple Graves to succeed Ben Tillman as Governor of Georgia? (Ben Tillman never counts 'no' votes in a hand primary.)
"Charlotte Observer."
"Houston Post."
"New Orleans Picayune."
"Richmond Times-Dispatch."
"Chattanooga Times."
"New Orleans Times-Democrat."
"Montgomery Advertiser."
"Nashville American."
"Birmingham Age-Herald."
"Galveston News."
"Jacksonville Times-Union."
"Washington Post."
"Louisville Courier-Journal."
The Atlanta Constitution will act as sergeant-at-arms, the Savannah Press as page, and the Atlanta Journal will umpire the game.
"Gentlemen, prepare your ballots. The teller, the Washington Herald, will please count."—Charleston News and Courier.

The Times-Dispatch has no vote in Georgia, but as an innocent bystander we protest against any movement to put Colonel Graves into office. Let no political yoke be upon his manly neck. Let no political bribe hinder the wagging of his silver tongue. Let no political muzzle impede his speech. Let no earthly obstacle whatsoever obstruct the flow of that rippling river of oratory. Some men are born to politics; Colonel Graves was born to sing. Let his life continue to be one grand sweet song—a gentle cadence of metric melody, unmixing with the baser matter of politics. For these reasons, Mr. President, we vote No.

RICHMOND DAY.

It is worth much to this community to have the men and women journey together to the Jamestown Exposition and shout for Richmond. But they must have something to shout for. They must have a celebration worthy

of the occasion. We agree with Mayor McCarthy that the day should be fitly observed, or not at all.
The matter has been thoroughly threshed out in the Council and an adequate appropriation has been voted. We hope the Board of Aldermen will concur.

THE FIRST STEP.

An Atlanta paper calls attention to the extreme velocity with which Chester Runyan, the defaulting bank teller, traveled toward the descent to Avernum. The whole trip was done in less than a month. Here is the time-table:

June 9—Received a tip on the market.
June 10—Took his first dishonest dollar.
June 11—Stole more and more.
June 12—Met Mrs. Carter and offered to fit up a place for her.
June 25—Received key to the flat which was to be his hiding-place.
June 26—Took every cent that was in his charge.
June 30—Quarrelled with the woman who was hiding him.
July 5—Betrayed to police and arrested.
Except for the unusual speed of the performance, Runyan's case is not remarkable in any way. It was the old, old story, even down to the inevitable tip on the market. But few men have passed from unblemished honesty, through thievery, flight and disappearance, to final capture in so brief a time.

All these cases serve to show how small is the line that separates honesty from dishonesty, how easy it is to cross it, and how all but impossible it is to get back again. Runyan's case illustrates this admirably. On June 30th he was an honest man. On that day he received a "tip" and took it. Taking the tip meant taking some of his bank's money—of course "borrowing" it. We may imagine the young man as hesitating for a long time, balancing pros and cons, perhaps, and finally deciding by only a narrow margin. Temptation came to him, possibly, in one of those weak moments which are not unknown to even very good men, and he could not resist it. That done, the rest was only too easy. It is always the first step that counts. When the tip went to smash and he was a ruined man, it was natural enough to take a great deal more money, with no pretence even to himself any longer that he was "borrowing." An honest man, in short, had become a thief.
This particular man may be inherently bad, but no one can afford to be careless on the subject of unguarded moments and first steps. There is Scriptural injunction to those who think that they stand to take heed lest they fall.

The Sam Houston Post contends that Texas is a fairly old State, because some years back a Portuguese gentleman, with a triple-soled name, is alleged to have squinted in on that section while on his travels. We will punctuate this contention here in detail later on. For the present, we will merely point out that at the time when Texas became a State, a few years ago, Virginia had been busy for a couple of centuries slapping the desecrated graves of her ancestors and providing a strong and kindly Union for her southern propositions like Texas to squeeze into and begin to grow.

Nashville is evidently a place where chicken, as Virginians understand the word, is absolutely unknown. "Centipede poultry" had the city in most boarding-houses," mournfully admits the American of that burg; and again, "Things are coming tough when a spring chicken has to be carved with an ax." We shudder to think of the gastronomic excesses to which a hungry Nashville man would go were he given the freedom of a platter of typical Virginia chicken—wings, necks and gizzards wholly unknown, and so tender that it can be eaten with a spoon.

There will be no war with Japan, after all. Komura met Mark Twain at a luncheon, and was distinctly seen to smile. Bystanders will make affidavit that it was a nice smile, and did not reveal the front teeth in a gnarling manner.
"Cocktail Charlie" Fairbanks jumped into thirty feet of water the other day and pulled out the hotel waitress. It is rumored that the girl, in most some misunderstanding she had kept all the change.

Corelyou says nothing, and Richmond P. Hobson says everything and says it often. These two leaders of national thought ought to get together, compromise and effect a merger.

A New York man has just invented a barrel which may be taken apart and then empty. The exploit will attract much attention from Kentucky, where no same and reputable barrel is ever allowed to get empty.

John D. Rockefeller's intimation that the prosperity of this country is going to stay right where it is will disappoint those who hoped that John meant to give some of it away.

The dead walks were thronged with people who were watching the procession as it marched up Pennsylvania Avenue, led by a horseman carrying the flag, the band playing "Marching Through Georgia."

Whatever Colonel Bryan might think about it, our own idea is that little Quentin ought to have a few of the nicest battleships to play with this summer.

Poet Joaquin Miller, who aspires to be a United States Senator, could sweep any State in the Union on a platform railing for the total prohibition of far-from-poetry in the only daily magazines.

Styles in Japan's clothes haven't changed in Japan for nearly 2,000 years. A country like that has simply got no place among the world-powers.

Sweden calls a woman's club a "damklub," which shows that Sweden is not so different from the other countries as some of us had thought.

A Texas man recently embezzled a typewriter and fled to Guatemala. As we have frequently remarked before, anything, anything to get out of Texas.

It is always interesting to read what Mr. Cortelyou says, because it shows that he has, after all, the usual supply of vocal chords in his larynx.

At the last moment before locking the forms, Miss Gladys Vandervell still had the \$12,000,000.

Colonel Graves erroneously informed

an audience recently that Mr. Roosevelt could break the solid South. Why he couldn't even bend it, Colonel.

"It is no longer fashionable to throw old shoes after the bride," says a social note. Nowadays you throw new ones, or you're a cheap skater.

The excitement about the fleet has begun to look something like a tempest in an Oyster Basin.

The Jamestown Exposition. Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir—I am very happy over the idea of Richmond having a day set aside for our people at the Jamestown Exposition. All who can go, I hope will certainly do so, for they will never regret it. Having no selfish motive other than that of a Virginian, born and bred and proud of it, I feel that it is my duty, which I shall perform with pleasure, to tell the thousands who have not seen the Jamestown Exposition, the facts and truth of what was seen by our party of three (my wife, my son, ten years old, and myself).

On the morning of July 2d, at 9 o'clock, we left Richmond, via the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, to Newport News, and then the pleasant trip by water to Pine Beach, street car at wharf. There we went to the inside inn, paying for our admission into the Exposition Grounds 50 cents each. We had very comfortable rooms, food good, and water used on the table and in the hotel is furnished from the Mocklenburg Lithia Springs at Chase City, Va., free to the guests. After lunch, a reasonable price, we took an automobile ride around the grounds, for 25 cents apiece, getting a most excellent view of the entire exposition and, at the same time, familiarizing ourselves with the lay of the ground.

After visiting the Virginia Building, the Pennsylvania, the Georgia, the Louisiana, the Army and Navy and the Smithsonian, we went back to the Inside Inn for our dinner. Having been much refreshed, we again took the automobile and by night saw one of the grandest sights any one could wish for—a beautiful display of electricity. We got out at the War Path, and here, let me say, the cleanest and best shows I have ever witnessed will be found. I have had the good fortune to have visited the following exhibitions in my life, viz.: Paris, Hamburg, Buffalo, Chicago, etc. Now permit me to omit the many most excellent places of amusement and dwell for a moment upon the most historic and substantial.

First, last and always, the Virginia Building, contains antiques, old paintings and engravings, furniture, bric-a-brac, and the architecture is beyond my humble expression of beauty, dignity and elegance. Pennsylvania is next to Virginia in its entirety and most creditable showing. Then comes Connecticut. Here we found, as a large majority of the most creditable in all of its showing, and get-up. New York has a most handsome building, beautifully furnished, etc., etc. etc. We found many, many such exhibits from most of the States.

Now, as to the States Building. There we found each State showing samples of all their respective products. It is worth a trip to the exposition to see this exhibit, if for no other reason.

So many more things of interest, however, and education could dwell upon, but I only give a bird's-eye view of a three-days' stay. The "knockers" can write down what they saw, what they expected to see, and what they did not see, and they will be found lonely, unreasonable and unjust if they say the Jamestown Exposition is not a great success and credit to any State.

The expense of this trip depends upon yourself. You can live reasonably, or otherwise, to suit your taste. I sincerely hope that every boy and girl of this morning, who is born in Virginia will see this grand sight, for the education, interest and pride that will long linger in their life. The rate of living at the Jamestown Exposition is about on par with that of the average expositions of the past.

HENRY LEE VALENTINE.
July 6, 1907.

The Glorious Fourth
(at Petersburg, 1864.)

Editor of the Times-Dispatch: Sir—About twenty minutes to 3 o'clock on the morning of July 4th, 1864, an order was received from General Mahone, saying: "There are indications that the enemy will assault our lines this morning; have your command in readiness for action immediately."

Quickly every man stood at his post. Canister was served out to the No. 2's; the No. 1's held their sponge-sticks ready; the No. 3's fixed priming-wires to their lanyards; the No. 4's were ordered to get ready to fire on the event. Just at dawn, fifty cannon opened fire on us with grape and solid shot, killing and wounding several of our artillerymen and a number of our infantry supports. An unusual display of flags were flaunted above the enemy's works, and a mighty cheering went up. But the firing continued only a few minutes, and quiet settled again on the lines.

One of our pickets hailed to the Yankee pickets opposite, "Hello, Yank; what's your trick now?" The Yank returned, "Why, we were only celebrating the Glorious Fourth."
Now, if the Yanks had fired a blank salute, it is likely that the Johnnies would have echoed their hurrahs for the "Glorious Fourth," but to celebrate the national day of independence by slaughtering fellow-men, and standing up in defence of their homes, and for civil and religious liberty, Goodness! (See Appendix.)

The 4th of July, 1906.
The dead walks were thronged with people who were watching the procession as it marched up Pennsylvania Avenue, led by a horseman carrying the flag, the band playing "Marching Through Georgia."

Whatever Colonel Bryan might think about it, our own idea is that little Quentin ought to have a few of the nicest battleships to play with this summer.

Poet Joaquin Miller, who aspires to be a United States Senator, could sweep any State in the Union on a platform railing for the total prohibition of far-from-poetry in the only daily magazines.

Styles in Japan's clothes haven't changed in Japan for nearly 2,000 years. A country like that has simply got no place among the world-powers.

Sweden calls a woman's club a "damklub," which shows that Sweden is not so different from the other countries as some of us had thought.

A Texas man recently embezzled a typewriter and fled to Guatemala. As we have frequently remarked before, anything, anything to get out of Texas.

It is always interesting to read what Mr. Cortelyou says, because it shows that he has, after all, the usual supply of vocal chords in his larynx.

At the last moment before locking the forms, Miss Gladys Vandervell still had the \$12,000,000.

Colonel Graves erroneously informed

Rhymes for To-Day

"CHARLIE" FAIRBANKS.
FAIRBANKS gave a little dinner—
Nothing there to rule a Rebel:
But alas—the jolly sinner
Ordered wat' goods for the table.
It was quite a gorgeous party,
Merry, deeming life all skillful;
Gaily primed to for a quite hearty
On the Fairbanks list of vittles.
Well—they found beside each mock-
tail,
Dish of soup to which they sat down
Just one nice Martin cocktail.
"Twas a joy to swizzle that down!
Just a little dry Martini—
Nothing more—and so delicious!
Scarcely a swallow, 'twas so weeny—
Was that really very vicious?"
Still, a statesman's reputation,
Once it's blotted, can't survive it—
Fairbanks said: "I serve the Nation;
Lads, we'd better keep this private."

All agreed, with merry humors,
This was no need to be shrieked out;
But—you know the tricks of Rumor:
Somewhat all the sad truth leaked out!
Aye, the grewsome fact was picked up
By the press—how chance doth dump us!
What a fearful row they kicked up!
What roaring, ramping, rumpus!

New he's hunting, penitential—
Ah, too late!—and melancholy,
For his boomlet presidential—
Who would beam a Cocktail Chollier?
Not a soul!—And here's the moral:
(Now my task is plain sailing)—
He who'd wear a statesman's laurel
Must cut out all dry cocktailling.

PARADOXICAL ACCIDENTS.

"How was it that circus clown came to hurt himself when he tried his trick of turning a somersault and landing on his head?"
"He made a miscalculation and fell down on his feet."—Baltimore American.

Realistic.
Another: "Gracious, but that wig is tremendously large."
Actress: "Yes, mother, you see in the third act I dive into a stream, and this is to protect me in case I miss the net and land in the coal bin."—New York Mail.

You Can't Lose It.
"Of course," said the optimist, "if a man gets into the habit of hunting trouble he's sure to find it."
"Yes," replied the pessimist, "and if he's so lazy that he always tries to avoid it, it will find him. So what's the difference?"—Exchange.

Gone Higher.
Town: "I understand Lord Brakelish is engaged to a girl with a million."
Browne: "He was, but she's engaged to a new one."
Town: "What? To five girls with a million?"
Browne: "No; a girl with five million."—Philadelphia Press.

Hardly Synonymous.
She: "Don't you think the new debutantes are not so good as the old ones?"
He: "Quite uncharitably."—The Bystander.

POINTS FROM PARAGRAPHS.

SINCE the monkey in the Chicago zoo committed suicide because he was too long a member of the circus, it has been taken care of him some one should watch Boal de Castellana—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Just to think of a vast, blooming, time-consuming presidential boom being laid low by a poor, merely, arrogant little cock-tail!—Baltimore Sun.

If John D. Rockefeller does go to jail, they had better be quick about cutting his hair—New York American.

Investigate any reformer, and you will find that his efforts for the common good are not running him in debt—Athens Globe.

Lightning insanely struck a red devil automobile in New York, but escaped before the automobile could do it much damage—Atlanta Constitution.

"The man who caused Roosevelt's fall" is retired from the army. The only strange thing about this is the fact that he lived to the retiring age—Cleveland Leader.

Dowager Tsai An kindly permits the Chinese Emperor to come out from his asylum under the bed long enough to thank the United States for that indemnity remittance—Pittsburgh Post.

The physician who says golf is the most healthful of all exercises recalls the statement of the lady who, after being eloped from Poker Flats, said it did her a power of good just to go out upon the hillside and look about and fuss—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Richmond Times-Dispatch claims that Virginia is five times as old as Texas, but the chances are that the Lord made both States about the same time and that the Lord set apart as the Garden of Eden—Houston Post.

An army officer must be brave, but he sometimes takes a chance in having the courage of his convictions—Washington Star.

From Puy de Dome, an extinct volcano in France, carbonic acid is produced for commercial purposes.

Governor Stuart, of Pennsylvania, signed 473 bills and vetoed sixty-four passed by the recent Legislature. He considered more measures than any Governor in recent years.

One of the national sports of the moment is the stone-throwing contest, in which rocks of great size are thrown for a prize.

Because he was reprimanded for not preventing the recent bomb outrage at Tull, Colonel Balabanski, chief of police, spread his decorations over his mother's grave and committed suicide.

By measurement on the historic column at Roskilde Cathedral, Copenhagen, the King of Siam has been found to be exactly the height of the Car when the latter was measured there years ago.

Perkins are fond of fine clothes. The usual costume for men includes a collarless shirt of light, pretty material, cut low at the neck, and with long loose sleeves, a much interested in the figure, also with wide, flowing sleeves.

An interesting fact in the contest for the New York postmastership is that Senators Taft and Dewey have no vote in the election. The President has ceased to count as to appointments. The question now is whether or not County Clerk Alderd will be able to prevent the promotion of Assistant Postmaster Morgan.

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.
Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles and cures Constipation. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
Charles H. Fletcher
In Use For over 30 Years.
THE CHAS. H. FLETCHER CO., 27 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Poems You Ought to Know

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Prof. Charles E. Norton.

No. 1228.
Mirthfulness
BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.
(From "Love's Labor Lost.")
Other selections from this author, his portrait, autograph and biographical sketch, have already been printed in this series.
A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal;
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expeditor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

This series began in The Times-Dispatch Oct. 11, 1902. One is published each day.

People Seen in Public Places

Hon. John W. Churchman, member of the House of Delegates from Augusta county and a prominent candidate for Speaker of that body, is in the city and is stopping at Murphy's. Mr. Churchman was in the city when a representative of The Times-Dispatch called, but he is known to be conducting an active correspondence in the interest of his candidacy for the position of presiding officer of the body of which he has been so long a member. Mr. Churchman has been for several terms chairman of the House Committee on Roads and Internal Navigation, and as such has been actively at work for the people of this State. Mr. Churchman is a native of this State, and it begins to look as if there will be fighting all down the lines of the question. What Messrs. Thomas A. Lynch, of Tazewell, and Marshall B. Booker, of Hallfax, are actively at work for the people of the Senate, and they are writing their friends all over the State for assistance. Both are men of experience in this line of work. Mr. Lynch was assistant clerk, under Colonel Burton, for some years, and he is now Clerk by designation of the Governor. Mr. Booker has never performed any of the duties of the office. He was named to succeed Colonel Burton pending the meeting of the Legislature, and will contest with Mr. Booker for the place before the Democratic caucus of the Senate. Mr. Booker is a member of the present House of Delegates, and was formerly a committee clerk in that body under Mr. John W. Williams. He is a native of this State, and is a member of the firm of Barksdale, Hill and Booker, with offices at Houston and South Boston.

Mr. H. M. White, of Buckingham county, is at the Richmond.

"Something of a political nature will be doing at Hanover Courthouse on Monday, according to politicians who come from the city. A second Senatorial District. It will be court day, and the country-folk will probably turn out in mass to hear the issues discussed by the candidates. Senator Wickham and his competitor for the Democratic nomination, Dr. Charles U. Gravitt, of Culpeper, will certainly be on hand, and if they are, there is little less doubt that they will have a joint debate. They have already had one at the office of the last term of Caroline court. On the first Tuesday in August they will debate at King William, that being court day.

This covers the entire district, as there are but three counties composing it. It is likely that the candidates will speak later on at West Point, Ashland and other towns in the district. Owing to the long and striking political career of Senator Wickham, no other contest going on in the State, or so much interest, unless it be in the Twenty-eighth District, where Judge William Hodges Mann is being opposed by Hon. E. F. Wallace, of Lunenburg.

W. R. Tyree, of Staunton, and J. H. Wright, of Norfolk, are at Murphy's.

"I have been in public life for twenty years," said President William M. Turpin, of the Board of Aldermen, in the lobby of the Richmond last night, and have never had occasion to consult a dictionary, misquoted or misrepresented in the newspapers more than twice, and then the mistakes were quickly corrected. He is a man of few words, but his speech is pretty well for the accuracy of the press, and it is to me a most gratifying state of affairs.

"I will go further and say that I have never known the press of Richmond to take a kind which I considered unfair more than once or twice in all this time."

President Turpin is popular with the representatives of the press, and he takes pride in saying that he carries a warm spot in his heart for them.

Mr. Charles M. Johnson, of Henric, Va., is in the city for a few days. In conversation with a representative of The Times-Dispatch yesterday, Mr. Johnson stated that he would be a candidate for the position of Commonwealth's Attorney of Goochland county. He will submit his claims to a primary, if one can be had, but if not he will make the contest in the general election in November.

Mr. Johnson was educated at McClellan's school in this city, and later at Richmond College, from which he was graduated in law. He has since been practicing in his native county, Goochland. Mr. Johnson's friends are con-

Harris' Anti-Dyspeptic Water
"PHONE 4692.
J. A. Morris Co., Inc.
Gentlemen—I have used the HARRIS' ANTI-DYSPEPTIC WATER for the past year, and I have found it very beneficial to me. Before I commenced to use it I suffered a great deal with Sick Headache and indigestion. Since I began to use it I have been almost entirely relieved of these troubles. I do not hesitate to recommend it to any one who is suffering from indigestion.
J. A. MORRIS, JR.
B. RAND, WELFORD

Cramps, Nausea, Diarrhoea, Biliousness, Indigestion